HOW the THREE MEN who raised more excitement *than* anybody else *in* WASHINGTON LAST WINTER are spending *their* SUMMER VACATIONS.

JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS,
The Gentleman From Mississippi Who Leads the Democrats in the House.

JOSEPH W. BAILEY,
Texas' Famous U. S. Senator.

"Ben" Tillman's Chief Labors Between the Sessions of Congress Are in the Flower Beds of His 500-Acre Farm, Near Trenton, S. C.—"Joe" Bailey Puts in a Part of Each Summer Making Deals in Cattle at His Gainesville Stock Farm, But His Chief Occupation Is Delivering Speeches Around His State—John Sharp Williams Is a Cotton Planter, and Looks After the Interests of His Half-Dozen Mississippi Plantations During the Heated Spell, But He Manages to Put in a Good Part of His Vacation Loafing and Keeping Cool in His Yazoo Home.

MORE excitement was raised in Washington during the last session of Congress by Benjamin Ryan Tillman, Joseph Weldon Bailey, and John Sharp Williams than by any three men in the National Capital.

All three are now engaged in the early work of the Congressional campaign and will probably be prominent figures in the news this fall.

Williams is by far the most cultivated of the three men, and, curiously enough, he is the only one of them without a nickname. We all know the senior Senator from South Carolina as "Ben" Tillman, and the junior Senator from Texas as "Joe" Bailey, but the member from the Eighth Mississippi district is John Sharp Williams and nothing else under any circumstances.

This may only be because the Mississippi man's name does not lend itself readily to the shortening process, and nothing more; certainly the application of nicknames of the two Senators does not imply any lack of respect for their ability.

Tillman is truly a "rude man," as he has phrased it, but he is as able as he is rude, and, while there were many not of his political faith and some in his own party some years ago who called him "Ben" with something of a sneer, the attitude toward him which prompted that no longer exists. He still brandishes the pitchfork when he feels like it, but for all that he is now regarded with little less than affection by many in Washington who had little use for him personally a few years ago, and whom he still violently opposes politically.

For "Joe" Bailey, personally, no matter how positively at odds any one who knows him may be with his politics, there is genuine respect on the part of everybody.

There is regret, however, that he has no better command over his temper, a regret which he shares with the rest of the world, as he has personally declared. It was his impetuous physical attack upon Senator Beveridge that made Bailey decline the formal minority leadership in the Senate after he fairly won it on the ground that he wasn't "amiable enough," and that prevented him from being raised to the place again after the death of Senator Gorman of Maryland last spring.

It is only fair to say that he was the leader of his party on the floor of the Senate virtually, if not in name, during all the last session.

You may have seen Tillman face to face or from the Senate gallery; nine strangers in ten at Washington ask that he be pointed out to them as soon as they get into the gallery. But if you haven't seen him here's a description:

He is of middle height and rather stout. His features are rugged, deep lined and harsh in outline. He has rather a hooked nose, a strong mouth and a chin that suggest bulldog firmness, or is it obstinacy? Lowering brows and the empty socket of his left eye add to an expression that is almost sinister when his face is in repose. He scowls habitually, at least it so seems, yet his smile is gentle and sunny.

On the floor his gestures are ungraceful and violent; his voice, despite his Southern accent, is loud and nasal. He seems subject to none of the pleasant amenities. He goes to the pith of a matter by the most direct route, and in the words that first offer themselves, in utter disregard for the conventions or the sensibilities of others. He wears a slouch hat, black and broad-brimmed, dented and pulled down heavily shading his face.

THE REAL BEN TILLMAN.

This is the "Ben" Tillman whom the public knows. Away from the Senate he is a different man. The same Tillman who revels in a battle on the floor, who rushes into debate with a yell, who delights in "stirring the animals up," as he styles it, steals away from the scene of strife to his small committee room and dictates long letters to the managers of his farms. He directs what fields are to be put in cotton, what fields in corn. He gives explicit instruction as to the grafting of the fruit trees (the only kind of graft he stands for), the pruning of the vines, the care of the hogs. Rate bills may languish for the time; the nation's foreign policy—let the other fellows fight it out. For the time being the most pugnacious of public men, by birth, inclination, and occupation a farmer, is back to his own.

Though unsuspected by the public, Tillman is something of a joker on occasion, his humor being of the sort called "dry." During the consideration of the railway rate bill by the Senate last June a Southerner rushed into the Senator's apartment at his hotel and cried:

"I understand the Senate means to abolish the Jim Crow cars and make us ride in the same cars with the niggers!"

Tillman allowed that there might be some such movement.

"And they say," continued the excited man, "that they're going to put in that old stiff, Chandler, as commissioner to enforce this law."

"Well," said Tillman, pointing to a quiet gentleman at his side, "there is the ex-Senator now. Suppose you ask him."

Every day during the session, at about 5 in the afternoon, a gentle, motherly woman steps off a car at the Capitol and waits in this committee room for "Bennie," as she calls him. Husband and wife invariably walk to their hotel, near the Treasury, over a mile away. They discuss the day's events in the Senate. She rejoices in his victories and sympathizes in his discouragements. When he is uncertain and perplexed she makes suggestions. He has deep respect for her feminine intuition, and though, as Mrs. Tillman naively remarks, "he usually has his own way anyhow," he always takes her fully into his confidence.

The home life of the Tillmans while they are in Washington is quiet and retired. The hotel at which they live with occasionally one or more of the children is a modest one. They attend only the few functions that official etiquette positively requires. When the Senator feels well and has time they sometimes see a good play. Mostly, however, their evenings are spent in their apartments, where, after dinner, the Senator is accessible to all comers. It is then that Senator Bailey, former Senator Chandler, and other congenial spirits foregather with Tillman and lay plans for disturbing the decorum of the Senate the following day. The humblest constituent from the Palmetto State can meet his Senator at his home, unobstructed by flunkies. While the men talk business, Mrs. Tillman, plain and hospitable, puts the women at their ease.

The Tillmans have two sons, B. R., jr., who is one of his father's secretaries, and Henry, just admitted to the practice of the law, and three daughters, Miss Lona, Miss Sophie, and Sallie May, the youngest. The Tillman family relations are marked by deep affection.

The Senator and his wife are not fond of Washington. They go to the Capital when the session opens, not before. They leave for South Carolina on the first train after the Vice President's gavel has announced adjournment—be it in daytime or at night. Mrs. Tillman went before the close of the session this year. She begrudges the time that she is absent from her children and her garden. The Senator can intrust his flowers to no other hands than his own.

The Tillman place at Trenton, S. C., is a farm of more than 500 acres. The Senator raises cotton for the market and corn for his hogs and mules. Also he has 2,000 peach trees and several acres of grapes.

Every morning, when at home, the fire-eater of the Senate puts on comfortable, baggy clothes and rides over the plantation, overseeing and directing. He keeps everything well in hand, and the prosperous look of the place shows that he knows his business.

A LOVER OF ROSES.

He gives much personal attention to flowers, which are surpassed probably by no other private garden in the South. A lover of roses, he has more than 175 varieties, which he tends with the utmost care. Crimson ramblers and Marechal Niels riot around the big white house. Thousands of bulbs line the walks and drive. Lilies, violets, and all manner of potted plants fill a large hothouse. A grave of evergreens and shrubbery about the house is of the Senator's own cultivation. When, a year or two ago, a late frost laid low a lot of his plants he was almost inconsolable.

When the family is at home the Tillman place is the center of more or less entertainment. The young people have their friends and the neighbors drop in; so do the politicians, as a matter of course. To them all he is "Uncle Ben," and all are welcome.

Senator and Mrs. Tillman and Their Two Daughters.

One of his greatest favorites is "Aunt Kittie," the colored cook, who has endeared herself to the family by many years of exceptional service. Returning from a lecturing trip last summer, sick of hotel fare, the Senator made her promise never to leave him while he lived or she could wield a waffle iron.

In the Tillman stables is a beautiful team of Kentucky thoroughbreds which the Senator presented to his wife a few years ago. They are named Joe Blackburn and Joe Bailey, and the first time Mrs. Tillman rode behind them they ran away. "Aunt Kittie's" husband, "Joe," who has been with the family thirty-five years, is their custodian.

From his labors among his flowers Tillman often rests on the broad piazza in the long vacation season. To current political events he is indifferent, save when, as now, a campaign is on, and the daily papers interest him little. A fine library is at hand, and Tillman is passionately fond of the poets. Should he take to correspondence, it is likely to relate to the Clemson Agricultural and Mechanical College, at Calhoun's old home, Fort Hill, or to the Winthrop Normal and Industrial College for Women at Rock Hill, an institution which bids fair to lead all similar schools in the South. His agitation for industrial and technical education was responsible for the establishment of both these colleges. He regards them as his proudest achievements and maintains the deepest interest in their welfare.

Surrounded by his family, his friends, his flowers and his books, Farmer Tillman is far removed from the screaming, denouncing Senator Tillman. His vacation is less peaceful this year than some others, however, since his present term expires next March. There is no question of his re-election, for South Carolina generally keeps her public servants so long as they wish to be kept, but, of course, he must look after his fences. Besides, he must help in the Congressional contests, and from this time on, undoubtedly, the present fall will be a lively one for him.

Joseph Weldon Bailey, lawyer and Senator, is six feet tall, with 200 pounds of well distributed muscle on his bulky bones and the clear, smooth, ruddy skin of a youth. His shining black hair is parted on the side, and brushed high in front. His eyes are a bluish gray, set beneath symmetrical brows. He is clean shaven, and his lips have a trick of pouting like a petulant child's. His face is full and unlined, and apparently he bears cares and responsibilities lightly, despite his occasional outbreaks.

NEVER GETS EXCITED.

His hands are seldom quiet when addressing the Senate. He beats the air with his long arms and clenched fists. His gestures would be ungainly in a smaller man; in him they are graceful. His voice, low and suave, is never raised in excitement, his slow delivery never quickened; no matter how great the stress, his enunciation is deliberate. The listener can almost feel him seek his words. Each one as it comes has the effect of a blow from the shoulder.

Bailey doesn't wear a frock coat continuously nowadays; he is still partial to it, but sometimes he changes to a sack. In fact he had on a sack coat when he had his scrap with Beveridge. Nor is his neck always encircled by a lawn tie, as of yore; he is often seen wearing a black four-in-hand instead.

The Baileys keep house in Washington during the session, evidently not being fond of hotel life. The Senator is domestic in his tastes and very fond of Mrs. Bailey. The elder of their two sons, Weldon, now seventeen, is as tall as his father and almost as large. Joseph, jr., is four years younger. Both attend private school in Washington. Off the floor the Senator studies and works continually. Though he practically never prepares his speeches in a formal way, what he says is always interesting as well as important. In his famous rate bill speech, delivered on April 10, he held the Senate and galleries four hours and ten minutes, speaking entirely without notes, only referring to a list of authorities.

At their Texas home at Gainesville, between sessions, the Baileys live as modestly and quietly as they do in Washington. Their residence, of the cottage type, is unpretentious.

He has a farm of several hundred acres in Gainesville, a small stock farm near Lexington, Ky., and some other and lesser real estate holdings; but, measured by the standard of his colleagues in the Washington "Millionaires' Club," he is hardly affluent. He practices law more or less actively, and makes some deals in cattle, but for the most part his vacation time is occupied in delivering speeches around the State.

He has a large bailiwick—he and his colleague Culberson. There are 238 counties in the State, and many of them Bailey has never seen. He is trying to correct this, however. Texas is celebrated for its annual picnics—"Old Settlers" and Confederate reunions—at which as many as 15,000 persons gather sometimes for a "frolic" that lasts from two to four days.

Here the politicians are turned loose, and on these occasions Bailey meets his people. He may be pretty busy this fall, for, like Tillman's, his present term expires next spring.

Though having a remarkable hold on his people, Bailey is not a native of Texas. He was born in Copiah county, Miss., October 6, 1863, of Pennsylvania parentage. His father's family wasn't very well off, and, as he didn't like to go to school as well as he liked to fish and hunt and roam about, he left home for a while. Finding that a roving life wasn't all he had supposed it to be, he returned to his home and went to studying, attending the University of Virginia, the Lebannon Law School, in Tennessee, and the University of Mississippi. It was at the latter school, which is co-educational, that he met Miss Ellen Murray, of Oxford, Miss. She was his "college sweetheart" and she is now his wife.

He dropped into politics before he was twenty-one, and was chosen a Presidential elector in the Cleveland and Hendricks campaign of 1884, only a month after attaining his majority. But he found little law business in Copiah and at the suggestion of his uncle, Joseph Weldon, of Philadelphia, for whom he was named, went to Texas, locating at Gainesville. Now Texas is not supposed to object to individuality in dress, but there is a story that when he dawned upon Gainesville that town was "some jarred" by the ultra low cut of his waistcoat, the extreme length of his frock coat, the overshadowing breadth of his hat brim, and the immaculate whiteness of his ties.

RETURNED WITH A REVOLVER.

The story continues that one day he met a number of men who were inclined to be humorous on account of his attire. Bailey heard what they had to say and departed. He returned, soon, however, with a revolver, and invited them to repeat their remarks. They didn't, and he continued to dress as he pleased. Now, however, on occasion, he even wears evening clothes.

It was his dislike for evening clothes which he put forward as an excuse for not attending a function at the White House in McKinley's day, though he had learned to like McKinley while they were serving in the House together. That can hardly have been the real reason if this recent utterance of one of his friends is authentic, as it purports to be:

"Bailey has no dealings with the White House or with the Republican administration. He has no patience with the Senators or Representatives of his political faith who do. He considers it wholly wrong and inconsistent, and if he had his way there would be a statute declaring it unlawful for a Member of Congress to make recommendations to the Executive in reference to patronage."

Senator Bailey visits his Kentucky stock farm as often as possible, and enjoys the visits immensely. When there he is neither politician, Senator, nor orator. He is then a "railbird," horse trader, trotting enthusiast and pedigree expert. His farm is the old Todhunter place, known to all horsebreeders, and Joe Rea, who used to be in Marcus Daly's employ, is his trainer.

Mr. Bailey had little trouble getting started as a lawyer in Texas, but he lost his first case. He was for the defense in an action for damages. The prosecution presented its case briefly. Bailey made one or two motions, which were promptly denied. Then Bailey arose and in his deep voice, which, no mater how simple the words, makes you think of slowly dripping eloquence, began:

"Your Honor, my unfortunate client ——"

"There the court agrees with you," broke in the judge, and Bailey saw that it was all over.

Mr. Bailey went to Congress as a Representative when only twenty-seven. He made his first speech in 1892, when only a little past twenty-eight. At thirty-three he was Democratic leader of the House, the youngest minority leader since the days of Clay. He took his seat in the Senate in 1901, when thirty-eight.

Some time before the talk that the University of Virginia would ask John Sharp Williams to join its staff it was said that he had all his plans made with Governor Vardaman to succeed Money in the Senate, and it is certain that he will be pretty busy all through this fall's campaign.

John Sharp Williams is a cotton planter. He and his brother own a half dozen plantations in Mississippi, comprising 10,000 acres. They also have extensive real estate holdings in Memphis. His brother attends to the management of the estate.

The Williamses live in a large rambling house in Yazoo, which has been added to from time to time as the needs and fancy of the family suggested.

They have seven children: Mrs. Holmes, eldest daughter, the wife of the mayor of Yazoo city; Webb, eldest son; John, who attends school in Washington; Julia, a pupil in the Baldwin School, Staunton, Va.; Allison, Sale, and Christopher, better known as "Kit." While Mrs. Williams takes a deep interest in the career of her husband, she does not attempt to follow the tortuous course of politics or legislatin.

Mr. Williams works constantly, both during the sessions and while at home in Mississippi. With the exception of campaign years, when he goes on the stump, he spends every recess at Yazoo on his books and papers. Yet he knows how to loaf and keep cool, even in Yazoo, which is a mighty hot place in the summer time.

John Sharp Williams is slightly below the average in height. Naturally slender, he is now showing some tendency toward stoutness. His gray eyes are deeply set beneath shaggy brows. His mustache is dashed with gray, and his dark curly hair appears never to have been combed. When his face is in repose he seems to frown, but when he talks his smile banishes all notion that he can possibly be surly. He wears loose clothes—if they were not loose they hang awkwardly—his waistcoat is seldom entirely buttoned, and his black string tie is usually loose and dangling to one side or the other.

NOT A GRACEFUL MAN.

His legs are replicas of his grandfather, John M. Sharp's, and Mr. Williams is proud of them. From hip up to knee they are like ordinary legs, but below the knee, they bend backward in an extraordinary manner. "Corrugated," they have been styled. He is not physically graceful.

Mr. Williams is partially deaf in his right ear, and as that is the side presented to the enemy on the floor of the House, he is usually seen using his hand as an ear trumpet, with his head cocked well forward. His voice is rasping and not attractive at first, but this is soon forgotten in the pleasure furnished by his rich Southern accent and drawl, and the purity of his English.

It has been alleged for and against Mr. Williams that he writes poetry. This is not true. He enjoys the verse of others and frequently quotes in his speeches verses by which he has been attracted. Because he does not at the time give their authorship, and because they are invariably so peculiarly apropos, they are sometimes accredited to him.

Being phenomenally and constantly intent upon public and party matters, Mr. Williams is sometimes absentminded. Dressing for dinner one evening he encountered trouble with his tie, which would not take or keep a satisfactory set. Finally, however, he arranged it, gravely donned his dinner coat and waistcoat, and turned to his secretary for approval.

"Bob, do I look all right?" he demanded.

"Yes," replied the secretary, "but, if you will pardon the suggestion, I think the effect would be better if you were to put on your trousers."

Last winter, while his wife was absent from the city for a time, Mr. Williams lived in his hotel alone. He contracted the habit of locking the door of his apartments each time he went out. After Mrs. Williams had returned he left her one morning to go to the Capitol and gravely locked her inside, walking off with the key in his pocket before she could recover from her surprise. Recourse to the hotel telephone released her, but not until she had planned her revenge. Returning in the late afternoon, Williams inserted his key and threw open the door, to find his wife sitting in the same chair, in the same position he had left her in, having apparently been a prisoner the whole day.

Mr. Williams' great-grandfather was a colonel of a North Carolina regiment in the Revolution, his grandfather captain of a Mississippi company in the civil war, and his father, who was killed at Shiloh, a colonel in the Confederate army. Naturally he is idolized by the old Confederate soldiers, to whom, as well as to all his neighbors, he is "John Sharp."

His second daughter, Miss Julia, has served as maid of honor for Mississippi at several reunions of Confederate veterans, in each instance returning home covered with regimental badges, as a sign of her popularity and as a tribute to her father, a recognition very gratifying to him.

John Sharp Williams is a rich man by inheritance. His education included a course at Heidelberg, Germany, as well as courses at the Kentucky Military Institute, the University of Virginia, and the University of the South, at Suwanee, Tenn.

Senator Tillman's Favorite Horses.

ON THE WAY TO THE FRONT.

Full many a rose fades in the desert air,
Full many a genius lives and dies unknown;
Full many a man keeps daily getting there,
Although he is equipped with brass alone.